

HOME READING.

A BABY'S EPITAPH.

Who knows that never knew
Light than of dawn's skies,
What new life now lights up anew
The little eyes?

Who knows but on their sleep may rise
Soft light as never heaven let through
To lighten earth from Paradise?

No term we know, may change the blue
Of heaven that haphazard describes;
No tears, like these in ours, bedew
The little eyes.

Quickly by name love called him, seeing so fair
The sweet, small frame;
Must he be called, if ever man's child were,
Angel by name.

He bright and warm, from heaven's own heart
He came,
And might not hear
The word that covers earth's wan face with
Shame.

He bright light of life was all too rare
And soft a flame:
He yearned for him till angels hailed him
There.

Angel by name.

—COLERIDGE.

Village Improvement Associations.

THE SOCIETY OF TREE-LOVERS.

It will be noticed that in naming our
subject we use quotation marks. Reason
why? Because, just as we were formulat-
ing a plea for preservation of the noble
and beautiful trees, even though they may
interfere with the rectangular boundaries
of some "triangle" or "square," or per-
haps may be right in the way of some
projected sidewalk, our eye lighted on
the following lively paragraph in the
Springfield Republican, of Sunday, Nov.

"Judge Ingalls, of Troy, is a good
judge, but besides that he has earned a
gold medal from the Society of Tree-
Lovers. The society is not yet founded,
but it ought to be, and we nominate the
Judge to the Executive Committee, with
the silver Wendell Holmes in the chair."
The society is in danger, the owner hav-
ing taken means to get around the clause
in his deed forbidding building on that
side and, unless something can be
done to redeem it, one of the pleasantest
spots in this city will be disfigured by a
vulgar brick block in the place of the se-
questered shades of noble trees."

How many American villages to-day
are almost devoid of the arrival of
the Mayflower, that the modern "cham-
bermaid" would lay low without
hesitation, if they of the six
centuries on some cherished sidewalk
and how many of those villages have trees in-
vested with wide-spreading reaches of
the immortal light that never was on
sea or land, that hang like glowing can-
dles in the memories of exiled sons and
daughters, whom the exigencies of life
have driven afar, but which draw
them back again and again to worship at
their leafy shrines? Do we not recall at
this instant the monarch of a line of elm
trees, a mile in length, towering by all
the clear convexity of its rounded top
above all the others, whose buttresses was
shaded—we can think of no other name
for these expanding bases which form the
"buttresses" of elms—that in school
days the "girls" chose separate spaces
between them for "houses," and there
with tiny fagots made blazing fires
and played at housekeeping? The apples
and nuts, but the noblest have been
sifted out. It stands near a cor-
ner just which the dwellers of that town
have been borne to their burial since
1639. It must have been there where the
first one laid him down to sleep. It
scapes now, by sheer force of growth,
and of what was originally the sidewalk,
but that has been curved to accom-
modate it to the tree, and the front fence
of the adjoining premises has been curved
about the walk, the owner wisely re-
solving that, though he can make many
penny and many fences, it requires cen-
turies of time and all the forces of the
universe to build up a regal tree. The
forces of the town idolize it, and if any
"improver" should lay his
leveling ax at its root, we fear that
the law would be invoked by the living
dwellers, and we can fancy the silent
bustle of the graveyards by
betting in legions to denounce him as
the man without a soul. There certainly
are trees that have been loved as if they
were souls, and we once heard a lady, in
describing the cutting down of a magnifi-
cent tree in the grounds of what had
been her childhood's home, say, "I heard
the groan as the ax struck it!"

What has all this to do with the Village
Improvement? Much every way, but
especially now, as part of the writer's
work is a plan of the spring and
summer treatment of trees be de-
cided. Survey your domain, and care-
fully determine where trees that are now
ruined by broken branches or strag-
gling limbs can be "reformed" into beauty
by judicious pruning. See if some
of the standing in some eligible spot may
not be made attractive by having a seat
placed under it, simple and rustic in pat-
tern, but strong and comfortable, where
the passer-by can rest if he choose, and
of the benediction from its outspreading
branches find entrance to his soul.

Then too this is the season in which
to make about trees, in which to become
informed as to the best kind of trees to
plant, the best method of doing it, in
short, now is the time to learn how, and
when and where to commence forming
the new legacy of beauty that all right-
minded rural associations intend to be-
queath to their successors.

Mr. Emerson has said, that the man
who first quotes a notable saying stands
best in merit to him who originated it,
and this is all the apology we offer for
quoting the following from The Unques-
tioned Fittest Chairman of the Tree-
Loving Society—Oliver Wendell Holmes:

"I want you to understand, in the first
place, that I have a most intense passion
for trees in general, and have had
several romantic attachments to cer-
tain trees in particular. Now, if you ex-
pect to hold forth in a 'scientific' way
about my tree loves I must refer you to

a dull friend of mine who will discourse
to you of such matters. . . .
No, my friends, I shall speak of trees as
we see them, love them, adore them in
the fields where they are alive, holding
their green sunshades over our heads,
singing to us with their hundred thou-
sands of whispering tongues, looking down
on us with that sweet meekness which
belongs to huge but limited organisms,
which one sees in the brown eyes of oxen,
but most in the patient posture, the out-
stretched arms and the heavy drooping
ropes of these vast beings endowed with
life, but not with soul—which outgrow
us and outlive us, but stand helpless,
poor things, while Nature dresses and
undresses them, like so many full sized
but underwitted children."

Read this description of his first intro-
duction to "the great elm" of Johnson
R. I. Having first explained that provin-
tional towns often fancy theirs the "big-
gest," till before the measuring tape the
proudest tree of them all quails and
shrinks into itself, in consequence of
which pride-withering experiment the
doctress, sadder and wiser, says, "I always
tremble for a celebrated tree when I ap-
proach it for the first time," but in ap-
proaching what he calls the first tree of
the first-class of New England elms, he
says, "At last, all at once, when I was
not thinking of it—I declare to you, it
makes my flesh creep when I think of it
now—all at once I saw a great, green
cloud swelling in the horizon, so vast, so
symmetrical, of such Olympian majesty
and imperial supremacy among the lesser
forest growths that my heart stopped
short, then jumped at my ribs as a hun-
ter springs at a five-barred gate, and I
felt all through me, without need of ut-
tering the words, 'That is it.'"

Yes, winter is the time to gather in-
spiration, and as one source, there is
nothing better than the "Autocrat of
the Breakfast Table," Chap. X, of seq.,
to be read and discussed at a winter meet-
ing of the Association.—Mrs. H. M. Plun-
kett, in *Indoors and Outdoors*.

Winning Over a Mule.

A man and a mule stood on the corner of
Park Row and Beekman Street. The man
was excited. The mule was not. A
crowd of idlers formed a ring and gazed
stolidly at the efforts of the man to start
the mule. The mule stood still.

There was about the mule an air of
gentle exuberance, mingled with a re-
serve, that protected her from the pointed
large heads of sweat stood on the man's
brow, and his remarks fell from his
lips as the bungstarter fell with awe,
inspiring thuds upon the neatly-dressed
ribs of the mule. A policeman sauntered
through the crowd.

"Phy don't th' muhl go an?" he asked,
haughtily.

"Bekase he stays where he is," an-
swered the driver.

"Don't be lippy, you."

"Eaf' brick, y' tarrer."

The driver and the policeman thrust
their chins forward and glared into each
other's eyes, while the mule, who was
of the mule, and her ears waved gently.
Suddenly there was a rushing sound in
the air, and a howl of warning arose from
the crowd as the mule gathered her hoofs
under her and shot them out in four di-
rections all at once. One of the hoofs
came within two inches of the policeman's
nose, and he at once fell upon the driver
with a howl of ferocity, jammed him up
against a telegraph pole and choked him
half to death, while he poured a stream of
rugged adjectives into his ear. Then he
hugged the driver until his teeth chattered,
and cast him against the mule.

The driver picked up the bungstarter
and resumed his exercise upon the mule
with a downcast air, while the policeman
yanked at the mule's bit. The mule
seemed more or less annoyed, but still
smiled. Then the policeman, the driver
and some volunteers got at the wheels of
the cart and tried to roll it against the
mule's hind legs. They succeeded in doing
this, but it only amused the mule. Then
the volunteers stopped and mopped their
foreheads, while the mule looked com-
placently around upon them.

It was at this moment that a small and
stumpy negro emerged from the crowd
and walked around in front of the mule
and looked steadily into the mule's right
eye and stroked one of her ears.

"Phat's th' coon doin' wid th' mule?"
asked the policeman.

"I'm a mezermeriser 'ob dis heah ani-
mule, I am," said the negro in an injured
tone. "He don't like de l-rash."

Then he commenced with the mule
again, and to the cart, climbed to the
mule, and said, "G'on dar," and gently pro-
dded the mule with his toe. Without an
instant's hesitation the mule started off
at a trot, and whirled around the corner.
—N. Y. Sun.

'Twas Evening, Supper was Over.

"Who is that Angry-looking man?"

"That, my Son, is a Reporter."

"Do Reporters always look Mad?"

"Not always."

"What Ails that one?"

"He has been to a Church Supper."

"Wasn't he invited?"

"Oh, yes. Five of the prettiest Girls
in the parish urged him to go."

"I should think he would have liked
That?"

"He did. And each of those Girls
wanted him to give 'my Table a special
Mention.'"

"Did He get any supper?"

"Of course he did. He bought A five-
cent Sandwich for a Quarter and ate it
after the Rest got through."

"Where is he going now?"

"He is going to the Office to write that
the parish Church supper last Night was
a most agreeable success. The lovely
stones of the fair Maidens in attendance
on the Tables were Only rivalled by the
Charming liberality with which they Dis-
pensed the finest Viands."

"Are Reporters ever Sarcastic?"

"No, my Son, never."—*Unknown Truth-
teller*.

LOUIS CHANDLER MOUTON says she

"shall be gone, full soon, to that dim
phantom world."

Where souls like pallid flames fit to and fro.

Well, so long, Louise. We won't see you
again if we can help it. Not any brim-
stone factory in ours. A country where
souls go frisking around like belated
torch processions getting back from Man-
ayunk at 4:30 A. M., may be all right;
but we'll take in the show from the edge
of the crater if you please.—*Burlington
Hawkeye*.

A Peculiar Look.

A negro woman prosecuted a fat man
for stealing some clothes which had been
hung out on a line to dry.
"This rascal," she said in giving her evi-
dence, "urgently apostrophising the pris-
oner, 'he stood dah, wif an' ole chiny
pipe shoved whar it'd do de mos' good,
an' be a puffin' as if he'd like to spit.
But de way he looked at dem clothes
was 'nough to show any reason'ble wome-
dat dey wasnt safe.'"

"Come, witness," quoth counsel, sar-
castically, "tell us just what kind of a
look that is."

"Oh, you git out!" was the snappish
rejoinder.

"I insist on that question. How did
the prisoner look to convey the impres-
sion that the clothes were in danger?"

"Witness was ready with another tart
reply, but his honor said: 'Come, you must answer. How did
he look?'"

"The witness seemed puzzled.

"Did he look," asked his honor, glance-
ing around for a simile, "did he look like
—like counsel, for instance?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir!" replied the wit-
ness. "If he looked de least bit like dat
gem'man dere wouldn't be no robbery
at all."

"Ah," said the counselor, "how's that?"

"I'd made udder arrangements."

"Indeed," he continued, smiling.

"What might they have been?"

"Why, if he looked at all like you does,
I wouldn't have dar'd to hang dem
clothes out at all."

The common objection among woman-
kind to letting their ages be known is
not shared by the ladies of Japan, who
actually display the facts as to their age
in the arrangement of their hair. Girls
from nine to fifteen wear their hair inter-
laced with red crape, describing a half
circle round the head, the forehead being
left free with a curl at each side. From
fifteen to thirty the hair is dressed very
high on the forehead, and put up at the
back in the shape of a fan or butterfly,
with interlacings of silver cord and a
decoration of colored balls. Beyond
thirty a woman twists her hair round a
shell-pin placed horizontally at the back
of the head. Widows also designate
themselves, and whether or not they de-
sire to marry again.

CUSTOMER—"How much are these
eggs a dozen?" "Twenty-five cents,"
replied the German grocer. "Why,
how's that?" Jones sells them at twenty
cents." "Und vy don't you buy ov Jones,
den?" "Because he hasn't any this
morning." "Vell, I will sell dem for
twenty, too, ven I don't got any."

List of Letters

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office
at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday,
Jan. 12th.

Alley, Miss Noll, M.
Baerend, Mrs. Fanny Peckham, G. W.
Broadhead, Mrs. E. L. Russell, M.
Brown, M. A. Walker, Wm.
Fordham, W. E. Whitehouse, Felix
Higgins, Mrs. Annie Wilson, George A.
Meyers, John R. Williams, Monson.
Mulleagie, K.

Any person calling for the above will
please ask for "advertised" letters.
—J. J. J. J. J.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Notice.

Such residents of Bloomfield as believe women
are capable of self-government and would like
to sign a petition to our Assembly asking for an
acknowledgement of the political rights of the
women of N. J. can have the opportunity of doing
so until Jan. 20, by addressing
P. O. Box 225 Bloomfield, N. J.

Essex County Mutual Insurance Company.

The Annual Meeting of this Company for the
Election of Directors and for other business,
will be held at the office in Bloomfield on the
second Monday (14th) of January, 1884, at two
o'clock P. M.

Thos. C. Dodd, Sec.

TO RENT.

On Park ave., a two story and extension house
containing seven rooms, cellar, attic and bath
room; half an acre of ground, well stocked with
fruit. Apply to E. W. CHITTELLING, on the
premises.

"Quick as a Wink."—Rockwood.

17 Union Square, N. Y., the first to intro-
duce the *Instantaneous Process* in this
country, has just received from Europe
the latest and important improvements

TIME TABLES.

Carefully corrected up to date.

DEL. LACK & WESTERN RAILROAD.

Barclay and Christopher Street Ferries.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Montclair—6:03, 7:15, 7:55, 8:28, 9:15, 10:35
11:35, a.m. 12:30, 1:40, 3:30, 4:45, 5:25, 6:10, 6:57,
8:15, 9:40, 11:05 p.m. 12:20 a.m.

Leave Bloomfield—6:08, 7:19, 7:59, 8:32, 9:19,
10:39, 11:39 a.m. 12:35, 1:45, 3:35, 4:49, 5:29, 6:15,
7:05, 8:20, 9:45, 11:10 p.m. 12:25 a.m.

Arrive Newark—6:23, 7:30, 8:10, 9:30, 10:50, 11:50
a.m. 1:08, 1:56, 3:47, 5:00, 5:40, 6:38, 7:26, 8:37,
10:08, 11:22 p.m. 12:34 a.m.

Arrive New York—6:50, 8:00, 8:40, 9:10, 10:30,
11:20 a.m. 12:20, 1:40, 2:30, 4:20, 5:30, 6:10, 7:10,
7:55, 9:10, 10:40, 11:55 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:30, 7:20, 8:10, 9:30, 10:30, 11:20
a.m. 12:40, 2:10, 3:40, 4:20, 5:50, 6:20, 7:10,
8:30, 10:00, 11:15 p.m.

Leave Newark—6:40, 7:15, 7:55, 8:43, 10:03, 11:03,
11:53 a.m. 1:13, 2:44, 4:13, 5:26, 6:03, 6:53, 7:48,
9:03, 10:38, 11:53 p.m.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:51, 7:26, 8:09, 8:55, 10:15,
11:15 a.m. 12:05, 1:24, 2:55, 4:24, 5:04, 5:37, 6:15,
7:05, 8:00, 9:14, 10:50 p.m. 12:06 a.m.

* Indicates that train does not stop at Newark.

NEW YORK AND GREENWOOD LAKE R. R.

Chambers and 23d Street Ferries, New York.

TO NEW YORK.

Leave Upper Montclair—5:28, 6:57, 7:49, 8:47,
10:47 a.m. 1:26, 4:45, 5:42, 6:50, 9:58 p.m.

Leave Montclair—5:33, 7:02, 7:55, 8:53, 10:52 a.m.
1:34, 3:47, 4:50, 6:55, 9:03 p.m.

Leave Bloomfield—5:38, 7:06, 7:59, 8:57, 10:56
a.m. 1:40, 3:51, 4:54, 6:58, 9:08 p.m.

Arrive New York—6:25, 7:50, 8:40, 9:40, 11:40
a.m. 2:25, 4:40, 5:40, 7:45, 9:55 p.m.

Trains marked * will run Saturday nights only.

Sunday trains from Montclair at 8:04 a.m. and
5:28 p.m.

FROM NEW YORK.

Leave New York—6:00, 8:30, 12:00 a.m. 3:40,
4:40, 5:40, 6:20, 8:00 p.m. Leaves 23d Street 15
minutes earlier.

Arrive Bloomfield—6:49, 9:21 a.m. 12:43, 4:19,
5:24, 6:20, 7:05, 8:39 p.m.

Arrive Montclair—6:54, 9:26, 12:48, 4:24, 4:29,
5:23, 6:26, 7:11, 8:46 p.m.

Arrive Upper Montclair—7:06, 9:29 a.m. 12:53,
4:28, 5:33, 6:31, 7:16, 8:50 p.m.

Also a Saturday train from New York at 12 m.,
for the accommodation of theatre-goers, arriving
at Montclair at 12:55 a.m.

Sunday trains from New York at 8:45 a.m. and
6:15 p.m.

SCHERFF'S
PHARMACY,
Cor. Glenwood & Washington Aves.,
BLOOMFIELD.
PURE DRUGS,
CHEMICALS, Etc.

Open Sundays from 9 A. M. to 1 P. M., and 3 to 6
and 7 to 9 P. M.

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded,
DAY OR NIGHT.

R. M. STILES,
DEALER IN

LEHIGH COAL.

At following low prices from May 1:

STOVE SIZE, . . . \$5 75 Delivered.
NUT SIZE, . . . 5.75
FURNACE SIZE, . . . 5.75

—ALSO—
OAK WOOD,
SAWED OR SPLIT, AT \$8.00 PER CORD.
Office adjoining W. L. de's Store.

A. & J. H. TAYLOR,
Opposite Post Office,Practical Plumbing,
GAS FITTING,
AND STEAM FITTING.

All kinds of Tin Work.

HOT AIR FURNACES

(Portable and Brick Set,
ALL STYLES OF

LIFT AND FORCE PUMPS,
Stoves, Ranges and Heaters,
IN VARIETY.

ALSO DEALERS IN

House Furnishing Goods.

A. & J. H. TAYLOR,
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ESTIMATES GIVEN.

JOHN DUNN,
Mason and Builder,

OSBORN ST., BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

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HARDWARE,
STOVES, RANGES, HEATERS, &c

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A SPECIALTY.

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ware, Feed, Corn, Oats, Hay and Straw.

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Broad Street, Bloomfield, N. J.

For Sale Low, Bloomfield, N. J.

POTTER HOUSE, Etc.,
ON BAY AVENUE.

Modern House, 10 Rooms, Furnace, Range, Hot
and Cold (Spring) Water, Gas, Burglar-Alarm,
Etc. House and Barn in complete order. Garden
with Choice Fruit and Vegetables. Possession
immediately. Apply to HORACE PIERSON or
to D. OSBORN, 619 Broad St. Newark, N. J.

Great Reduction
IN THE PRICE OF
Passage Tickets
FROM
The Old Country to America.
PREPAID STEERAGE RATE FROM
GREAT BRITAIN TO NEW YORK,
\$20 and \$21,
GOOD FOR ONE YEAR.
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739 BROAD STREET,
Next to Post Office. NEWARK, N. J.

FACTS! A & B FACTS!!